

Just call me when you're finished

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Just call me when you're finished

by [genovashroom](#)

Summary

Dream sends George a dick pic whilst he's streaming.

It's kind of wholesome?

Notes

I don't condone unsolicited dick pics. This is a work of fiction.

Not beta'd

Title from Moonlight by Chase Atlantic.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

She just wants to talk through the daytime

George heard his phone ping.

He was live in front of one hundred thousand people. It seemed like a no-brainer to put his phone on *do no disturb* while he was streaming, but he'd learned the hard way that he'd rather his mum text him than walk in unannounced. Nothing too embarrassing had happened during her intrusion, thank God—she'd just barged in and spoke in that London-posh voice, "Georgie, darling, I just finished washing your pants." He'd shushed her before she could say anything *too* incriminating. But the clip still got added to the compilation of DSMP mothers interrupting lore streams, her *very* British voice sounding in alongside Tommy's mother's numerous cameos. It remained pretty contained within the fandom, though, for which he was grateful. The day he ended up on r/livestreamfail was the day he'd end it all.

He tore his eyes away from his monitor, squinting at the notification and frowning.

Dream sent you a snap!

"What'd you send me, Dream?" He asked aloud.

The chat instantly repeated his sentiment

omg dream's texting george

what did he send

feet pics?

George ignored them, unlocking his phone and clicking snap chat. Dream didn't bother responding, so George took that as an encouragement to just open the message. He didn't know what he was expecting. Maybe Patches? Something George could show? Nothing inappropriate, for sure. But when he clicked the red box and the image flashed on screen—

"Dream!" He shrieked without thought.

"What was it?" Sapnap immediately asked.

George was speechless. He shakily moved his mouse up to close his face cam, knowing he looked utterly ridiculous, watching the chat go crazy out of the corner of his eye. This was going to be clipped and played forever. So many Tik Toks, Insta-edits, and Twitter mentions. He was already panicking.

"Yeah, what was it, George?" Dream finally spoke, an edge to his voice.

"Is this..."

He considered ending the stream right then and there. But he froze over the command. Dream was just pranking him. There was no way this was real. Dream wouldn't even send him a picture of his face, no way he'd send George a picture of *that*.

Anyways, this was a prank. Sapnap had to be in on it. They were probably giggling to each other in a private chat.

"Is it what?" Dream sounded so calm, though.

“Uh, is this real?” He went for vague, scanning the chat and wincing.

whats happening???

SHOW US JVBDJDBFJJBH

its def feet pics

“Very real.”

George exhaled slowly. “You’re so stupid.”

Sapnap asked, “what’d he send you? Is chat right? Is it feet?”

Worse. So much worse. George bit his lip, squeezing his eyes shut, slumping further into his seat.

“No comment. Let’s end the stream here, guys.”

“What?” Sapnap sounded genuinely confused. So he *didn’t* know. That had George's stomach twisting. “Dude, you're both acting so fucking weird.”

“George is right,” Dream said surprisingly indifferent, “stream over. Go raid Karl.”

George did just that, watching the views drastically drop, ending with a quick, “bye, guys. ”

“What the hell was that?” Sapnap asked moments later. “I swear y'all are begging people to ship you. And George looking all flustered before turning off his camera? What the fuck was that?”

George blinked down at his phone. The urge to replay the snap was powerful. Just to make sure he wasn't imagining this entire thing. But he resisted. “I'm, uh, gonna log off.”

“How about you jump on team speak, I need some help with this new plugin I'm working on,” Dream said nonchalantly. Like he wasn't the biggest prick alive. George rubbed his clammy palm on his joggers, bottom lip raw from worrying.

Sapnap seemed resigned to the fact that he was being kept out of the loop because, with an air of exasperation, he said, “no need. I'mma just join Karl's stream anyways. Talk to y'all later, I guess.”

Left on their own, George waited a few moments to make sure they were truly by themselves.

“So,” Dream went first. “That was quite the stream.”

George's heart thumped loudly in his own ears. “Yes, especially the part where you sent me an unsolicited dick pic.”

Dream snorted at the abrasive words.

“What'd you think? Give me a Yelp review.”

“Um...” George was struggling, entirely baffled by Dream's casual attitude. So he cracked a joke, hoping to ease the tension. “Can't review something I haven't tried out yet.”

It seems like Dream was the quiet one now. And George wondered if *he'd* gone too far. It was one thing to send a dick pic, another to joke about wanting to suck off your homie. He held his breath while he waited.

Finally, Dream spoke up, saying, "how about you explain why you got so worked up over it? Just want to know what you were thinking right before you switched off your camera. Like, normally, I can read the emotions off your face. You're an open book, dude. And from what I did see, that blush was pretty interesting. But then you turned off your face cam, and now I'm left wondering exactly how affected you were."

"Well, like I said, it was unsolicited. I was just shocked."

"Was it really, though?"

George raised his eyebrows. "Um, yeah? I didn't ask you to send me your penis, Dream."

"Not with words, no."

"I didn't blink it to you in morse code either."

Dream bit back a giggle, just a choked squeak escaping for George to hear, a soft underbelly to the stone-cold tone he'd been using this entire time. It made George happy, his lips pulling into a smile. Because Dream was usually silly, cringe, ridiculous—this serious act he was playing, trying to seem all mysterious or something, was throwing George off. Add in the dick pic, and George was completely out of his element.

"Well, did you want another?"

George contemplated for a few seconds. "Uh, okay, sure," he said, a little shaky.

What the hell?

His phone pinged again.

With fidgeting hands, he clicked the notification. The picture opened. And just like before, a dick was on his screen. Dream's dick, to be exact. But unlike the last time, George was prepared. He looked at the upper corner and was surprised to not see a timer. So, apparently, Dream really wanted him to take his time on this one. Okay. Right. He suddenly felt like he was a prestigious art critic. Not that Dream's cock was art. No. Or well, art was subjective. So maybe it was art. Squinting down at the picture, he decided to actually really *look*. He bit his lip. He'd been jump-scared last time, not allowing himself to really analyze or appreciate the way Dream took the picture. Laying down, on soft-looking blue sheets, Dream had his right hand curled around his dick. It was completely hard, curving to the right, and circumcised. George let his eyes trail over every inch, dedicating it all to memory, not really thinking about anything other than *this is Dream's dick*.

"Yeah, that's a penis," he eventually said.

Dream didn't say anything for a few seconds, then through muffled laughter, "George, you're the *worst*. Like, literally the worst."

"I don't know!" George protested, putting his head in his hands, "what do you want me to say?"

"That it's hot."

"A penis by itself can't be hot," George argued, shaking his head and rubbing his closed eyes.

"Says who?" Dream sounded affronted.

"Says me! Now I know how all the girls in Uni felt when my mates would send them pics-for-pics. How can you just send a plain cock and expect soapy tits in return? How can you expect *anything* in return? Wait, were you expecting me to send you something back? Were you expecting *my* penis?" He asked, high-pitched and frantic.

"No, George," Dream sighed, voice a mixture of exasperation and amusement. "I wanted to just make you hot and bothered on stream. But you're not attracted to *my* dick. So, that didn't pan out."

"I'm not attracted to *any* dick."

"Oh?"

George felt heat creep up the back of his neck. "At least, not one that's not inside me in some way."

Dream choked on his spit. "*George!* What the fuck?"

"You can't *George* me after sending me a dick pic. It's not allowed," George complained.

Dream laughed fully now.

And George tried not to enjoy the sound.

"Is it still on your screen?" He asked between peals of laughter.

George glanced back down at his phone. Sitting there, undisturbed, was the picture. Nothing had changed. Still, George took another look, trying to notice any details he'd left unnoticed before. He let himself imagine the process of Dream taking it, wondering what had gotten him so hard. From the state of it, it looked like he hadn't jerked off yet. He must've just gotten hard without any stimulation, taking off his underwear and getting comfortable, before snapping a picture *for* George. That made something in him flutter—the thought that this picture was only for him.

He wondered how his hand would look in Dream's place. His own knuckles bent around. Fingers delicately placed. Tilting his head down to press his lips against the tip. George blinked, feeling a little uneasy at his train of thought.

He hadn't spoken for a couple of minutes.

Dream hadn't either.

"I'm looking at it right now," he cleared his throat.

"I can tell." A smirk could be heard in his voice.

"Shut up." George blushed.

"No, I'm just happy you're understanding the appeal now. Dick pics are hot. You just have to use your imagination." Dream sounded so fucking smug. "Just admit it. You love my dick. You want to marry it. George and my dick sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G. C'mon, just admit it. You love my dick."

"I'd love shutting you up with *mine* more."

Dream guffawed into the mic. "*George!*"

George usually felt powerful whenever he made Dream speechless. But now he was just embarrassed. He deflected with another joke. "Just for comparison's sake, I should send one back. Maybe I should wait until you're streaming and surprise you. Oh my God, that'd be so funny, Dream. Give you a taste of your own medicine."

"As if you'd do that." Dream's eye roll was audible.

"You never know, I'm unpredictable at times."

"Ain't that the truth."

George picked at a hangnail. "Now what?"

Dream hummed. "I've got an idea. If you're serious about sending me something back."

Was he serious? He felt torn. His instincts told him no. But something inside him, a splinter of uncertainty, pricked at his subconscious, telling him that he should just go along with whatever Dream had in mind.

"I don't know."

"That's fine," Dream assured, voice dipping lower than George had ever heard it. "How about we hang up, you go lay down on your bed and go back to that place you were when you got all quiet. You know what I mean. When I asked if you still had the picture pulled up. I know you were thinking about me. About the picture. So, go do that. Do whatever feels good. And imagine me there with you. And whenever you're done, take a pic if you want or don't, but call me afterward and we'll talk—it doesn't have to be about what you did, but it *can* be. How does that sound?"

George swallowed, mouth dry.

"Okay."

Dream spoke softly, reminding him, "just call me when you're finished, George."

He took a deep breath, deciding, "I'll call you back."

"Talk soon, George."

"Bye."

Ending the call, he looked over at his bed. Dream's voice echoed in his ears. Exhaling steadily, he set his jaw.

Time to get to work.

And I just want it all when the time's right

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

He didn't get to work.

Actually, he'd given up immediately.

Masturbating wasn't something you could just *do*. At least, not for George. He had to be in a very specific mood to even get hard. Dream telling him to touch himself with the promise of calling afterward was just too much pressure. He laid there, hand on his thigh, fingers fidgeting, willing himself to do something. *Anything*. But after five minutes, he realized nothing was going to happen—he'd burned with humiliation.

Sucking it up and heading to his desk, he'd reluctantly called Dream back.

Dream answered breathlessly. It was evident what he'd just been doing: The slight voice crack, the way he sounded depleted, and that barely discernable arrogance since George had called *him* first. Like it was some game that he'd won. "That was quick," he said, clearly gloating.

George had bitten back. "Shut the fuck up, idiot."

Luckily, Dream had listened.

So, it wasn't brought up again... Until it was.

It'd been a month since Dream sent the pictures. Since the line with common sense boundaries was crossed. Since things got a little bit more uneasy between them.

And this time Dream was live—streaming MCC practice. He started by wanting to beat all his top scores. Now, he was playing Battle Box with Karl and Sapnap. George wasn't really paying attention, letting the laughter and swearing fade into the background. He'd pulled out his phone and was scrolling through Reddit, upvoting some posts, and just generally keeping his mind occupied.

He looked up as Dream died for the sixth time in a row, complaining loudly into the mic that it was unfair and rigged, that he was being double-teamed. George huffed a laugh. Dream was always a tryhard. He was probably so butthurt that they were meme-ing him.

The next round started, and George waited with anticipation. He was hoping for a Dream win. Otherwise, George was expecting a lot of whining when they called later. But, thanks to Sapnap's well-thrown harming potion, he died just as he was about to place his final wool. He'd been *so* close to winning.

George shook his head as Karl shouted, "Dream doesn't know how to play video games! He's trash! He's dog water!"

"You guys are so fucking toxic."

Sapnap laughed. "And you suck ass."

"Seven in a row, baby," Karl continued.

"I'm just distracted, guys."

"By what? George isn't here," Sapnap said.

George rolled his eyes. He considered tweeting something sassy about living in their heads rent-free but ultimately decided against it. The shot was fired towards Dream anyway—he could handle it however he wanted. George wasn't even meant to be paying attention to the stream. He'd told Dream he was going to try and get some emails done. He usually just let them pile up until it was virtually impossible to answer. But he'd sworn to at least reply to his merch suppliers. Dream knew this. And he'd get made fun of if he was found out. So, he turned his attention away and went back to his phone.

"George is always here, in my heart."

He groaned, unable to ignore words like *that*, putting his head in his hands. What the fuck? Dream always had to say something stupid. Something to feed the shippers. To pander to the masses. He liked to laugh about it on Discord, screenshotting the more outrageous tweets in the aftermath, and going on about how it was free entertainment.

"We get it," Karl put on an exasperated tone, "you're boyfriends."

"He's also in your chat," Sapnap laughed, sounding all too pleased for his own good, "someone saw his name."

Well, that's what he got for not logging out of his twitch account. You just couldn't be sneaky anymore. Especially not with the kind of detective-like fans they had. He watched as more and more people started to spam his name.

"George," Dream scolded, only half-serious, "you're supposed to be working."

He typed a quick *hi* into chat and smiled when people enthusiastically greeted him back. He added *I'm using your stream as white noise* and sent a heart-emote.

Karl fake sniffled. "Is that all we are to you, George? White noise?"

Yes, he typed, huffing a laugh.

"Keep Dream distracted next round, George," Sapnap said as they started another game. "It's the least you could do. We need to keep our streak. I say we go for ten in a row."

George watched, amused, as the timer counted down, trying to decide how exactly he was meant to distract Dream. The arena opened, and suddenly they were fighting. Dream threw a harming pot, missing, and ducking behind a pillar. Karl dashed towards mid, almost breaking a wool with his sheers, before being launched into lava by an epic bow shot. Sapnap parkoured around one of the towers, evading every arrow fired his way. George smirked at how hyped the chat was—he couldn't wait till it was actually MCC and not just practice.

"George fucking sucks," Sapnap yelled, hugging a wall and waiting for an ambush. "This is the worst we've done. He's not even trying to help!"

"He's literally done *nothing* to distract me, I'm going to destroy you," Dream laughed, "say bye-bye to your streak!"

"George, do something!" Karl cried out.

"He's my simp. He won't do anything."

And George set his jaw at that word. Simp. Yeah, *right*. If anyone was a simp, it was Dream. He tightened his lips into a terse line, typing a disgruntled message in chat when he froze—an idea popped into his mind.

He hesitated.

Looking at the screen, he knew Dream was going to win. It was stacked that way. And Sapnap would endlessly bitch at him, mad that George didn't even try to throw him off. But was that enough to make what he was about to do worth it?

"Please, George!" Sapnap screamed, presumably one hit from death.

He opened Snapchat, determined.

Oh shit.

It automatically opened to his face, washed out and pink with anticipated shame, disillusioned eyes staring back at him. He quickly flipped it. Angling the camera down, one hand slipping into his joggers and then pants, he slowly pulled his dick out. Letting it rest above his waistband, curving it so it sat up straight, the coldness of the room not doing him any favors. But he didn't have time to do anything else. To make himself hard. To make it not awkward. Taking a few quick breaths, he took the picture. And sent it without letting himself second guess. With bated breath, he continued to watch Dream's stream.

Dream came to a halt like he wasn't seconds away from clutching a win, his mic picking up a light ding, speaking with an unmistakable sneer, "oh, George just sent me something. Let's see if it's distraction-worthy..."

Whatever happened, it was out of his hands. Or, well, actually it was still *in* his hands, technically. He tucked himself back in, fidgeting anxiously while Dream took an agonizingly long time to acknowledge his snap. George forced himself to relax.

"George, what the fuck—"

And Sapnap attacked.

His knockback sword dealt a lot of damage, hitting Dream right into the lava, as he'd done to Karl earlier. Poetic. And just like that, Dream lost. Sapnap and Karl cheered, cackling and twerking on Dream's rigid character. George had to admit it was funny. But he was still buzzing from Dream's reaction. So he glued his eyes to his phone screen, waiting for anything, any sign that Dream was going to respond. But nothing came.

"What'd he send you?" Sapnap hiccuped a laugh.

Payback, he typed into the chat, slightly shaking.

"I'm ending the stream," Dream said.

"What?" Karl giggled like Dream was joking around.

"Bye, chat." And he seemed serious.

Sapnap picked up on it, too. Sobering and scrambling to say, "wait, you're ser—"

And the broadcast ended.

George felt his entire body warm in embarrassment.

Last time, with him blushing and quickly turning off his camera, there had been clips for days. People theorized. Speculated. They were so fucking nosy. It was almost insufferable. And they were stubborn about it, too. The clips were recycled so many times, his own screeching voice was ingrained into his head, his red cheeks permanently seared into his eyelids. Eventually, he had to start soft-blocking people. Muting words. It was just too cringey to watch back. Especially with the assuming comments below. He wondered what they'd say this time.

His phone started ringing. Not discord. His actual phone. Huh.

He answered it with a soft, "hello?"

"George," Dream sounded angry, voice pressed up against his ear agonizingly. "It's been a month. A fucking month. And I kept my mouth shut, was understanding, was fucking considerate, didn't want to make you uncomfortable, and then you went and decided to be an asshole—why?"

"Payback," he said again, struggling to speak.

"Payback, huh?" Some shuffling sounds came through the speaker and then a shaky sigh. "You're a fucking brat, ya' know that?"

George choked on his spit. "Dream?"

"I'm hard," Dream said, quiet, "and I need to get off."

Realizing how rapidly the situation was deteriorating, George said, "I don't know if..."

"Hang up if you want," Dream said, uncaring, "but I'm done being nice. With being patient. You can't send me something like that and expect me to just laugh it off. Pretend like I'm not so into you it *hurts*. I'm not like that, George."

George sucked in a sharp breath. He was at a loss for words. Mind skipping like a scratched record, not grasping or comprehending. He apologized gently, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Dream scoffed, "I'm jacking off. Hang up or don't. But that's what's happening here. Final warning."

He was completely split.

But when a faint moan, pressed right up against his ear, came through the phone, he knew he wasn't going to be hanging up.

And then there was another moan.

And the slick sound of skin on skin.

And George was squirming in his chair.

He was already semi-hard from the thrill of it all and the guttural way Dream was moaning, so he quickly walked over to his bed and laid himself down. Kept his phone in the crook of his neck, taking off all his clothes methodically. Dream was going at it now. Or at least, George thought so. He couldn't tell. And that bothered him. He refused to touch himself. Knowing that'd be too much. Leaning back against the pillows, getting as comfortable as possible, George covered his face with his elbow. He listened, and let the cool air touch him, caress him, the suspense was overwhelming. Keeping as quiet as possible in order not to disrupt the show Dream was putting on for him thousands of miles away, he was only slightly surprised when Dream whimpered out his name.

"George..."

Oh.

Oh.

He had to touch himself. He fucking had to.

He got a hand around his dick and stroked up, lashes fluttering, going back down. Some strangled noise unintentionally fell from his lips.

He moaned back, "*Dream*."

Dream hummed. "Tell me you're hard."

"I am," he admitted.

"That's *so* hot," Dream grunted.

And George bit down so rough on his lip, trying to contain the embarrassing babbling that was on the tip of his tongue, he tasted blood.

"George. Please. Talk to me... *please*."

"I, uh, I don't know what to say."

"Just say something," Dream lamented. He sounded so fucking gone. And George wondered how he looked. How his face looked. All screwed up in pleasure. Hand working himself over. Probably so lovely. "Anything. Please, George."

"I wish I could see you," George word-vomited.

"Yeah?" Dream's breath hitched.

"Yes," George doubled down, everything feeling so wistful and unreal. He couldn't believe this was happening. But he was so turned on. So hard. Leaking up against his stomach. Pulsating with want. Maybe he should've stayed in the VC last time. No telling what would've happened. He made himself focus on now, though, asking, "Dream, what do you look like?"

"Blonde, green eyes, tall..."

"No," George shook his head, trying to get his point across. "What do you look like touching yourself?"

And there was a whooshing sound. "George, you can't just say that." Dream sounded destroyed.

"You told me to say anything."

"Yeah, but I didn't think..." Dream trailed off.

"Just *tell* me." He tried not to feel awful for being so needy.

"My, um, my legs are spread," Dream started, and George was already done, "and my hand is wrapped around my dick. It's throbbing, I'm so hard. I'm blushing so much. My whole body is red, dude. And I'm sweating. Like, bad. And my lip is probably bruised from biting it. And now I'm, oh shit, now I'm fucking into my fist. Lifting my hips up. Like, uh, like there's someone above me. Riding me. I'm fucking right up into yo—uh, right up into them. Oh, *God, yeah*."

Eyes closed, George tried to keep the image in the forefront of his mind. It slipped a little. Bending like most of his imaginations did. Distorting. But he squeezed his eyes tighter and compelled it back. A light-haired man on his back, legs spread, thrusting up into his hand, biting his lip to keep quiet, flushed red from his chest to his neck, and wet from sweat. It started to disappear again. And he was so hungry for it. So hungry for the real thing.

"Dream, please FaceTime me."

And then everything wavered between them. They were both breathing heavily. The only sound escaping the phone was Dream's breathing. And George *really* thought he was going to be hung up on.

"George," Dream spoke slowly, deliberately, packing as much emotion as possible into his next words, "I'm not showing my face. I can't. Not now."

"I *know*," George replied, trying to convey his point with an inflection, "that's not what I meant."

"What did you—" Dream stopped, understanding.

And Dream didn't think twice. He hung up.

George exhaled, waiting.

Not five seconds later, his phone was ringing.

FaceTime.

He answered, the image instantly showing Dream's hand wrapped around himself, stroking up and down fervently. Hiking his hips up every few seconds to meet the stoke, hoisting like he was fucking an actual person like he was imagining someone bouncing on his dick. George threw his head back, whining. Fighting to keep his eyes open, to watch exactly what was happening. Dream made an encouraging noise in the back of his throat. And George suddenly remembered that his camera was pointed directly at himself, at his wanton face, eyes half-lidded, mouth parted, and cheeks beet red. He considered feeling embarrassed, but the desire he felt for Dream, for what was happening right in front of him, overruled every intelligent part of his brain. It put his critical thinking to sleep. And he was running on pure lustful adrenaline now.

"*Yeah*, just like that," he said when Dream started thumbing at the slit, precum leaking, coating his hand, making it all the more effortless. "Just like that."

Dream shook with it. The hand that held the phone trembled. Hand around himself quivering. His toes, which George could barely make out at the end of his bed, were curled up. "More, throw your head back, moan for me, *please*, George," Dream's words ran together.

And he complied. Tossing his head back, going faster with his slick-gripped hand, matching

Dream's pace, he let out a rough groan. He imagined being there with Dream, laying next to him, feeling the heat radiate off his shuddering body. Dream watching him also was making him far more insatiable than it had any right to. He wasn't an exhibitionist. He'd never got off whilst someone watched him. It wasn't a performance. He always had been on the same footing as his partner. But he felt bared in a way Dream wasn't. His face was on full display, showing every sensation, every twinge of pleasure, every outcry falling from his lips, every scrunch of his freckled nose bridge—and Dream was still faceless to him. That didn't bother him. It just made him feel entirely too exposed. But that feeling was also a wave. An exhilaration. A high that was making this all the more surreal. That was making him achy, pulsing, and hypersensitive.

"I wish I was there," he let slip past his lips.

"Oh, God, *fuck*," Dream shuttered like it was too much to withstand, like it almost tipped him over the edge, just the thought of George being with him, "yeah, me too. I wish you were here. I wish I could touch you. Take you apart. Taste you."

George blushed. "Would you kiss me?"

He didn't know where that came from. But it made Dream trickle, so turned on, made him lose his grip, and bite out, "yes. I'd kiss you so hard. I'd bite your lips. I'd lick into your mouth. I'd make you feel *everything*. And you'd be so fucking gone. Because I'm a good kisser, George. I'm such a good fucking kisser."

The idea of kissing Dream wasn't exactly *appealing* before this moment. He'd only said that to provoke Dream. To tease him. Not knowing what to expect in return. But he was desperate for it now. After that play-by-play. That confession. He craved it. Yearned for it. Wished he could taste it from Dream's lips. And savor it. Feel it from the tips of his fingers to the tips of his toes. And that thought trembled through him, making his dick strain even harder, twitching in the palm of his hand, right on the verge.

"I want to touch you," he declared openly.

"Oh, *fuck*."

"And kiss you."

Maybe it was too much. Too *not them*. But it seemed to work on Dream. Like saying intimate things was getting him closer than anything so far. Like *words* were going to make him climax.

"George," Dream could barely hold the phone up at this point, so ready to just let it all go. "More, say *more*."

"I want to hug you."

"Yes," Dream whimpered, "yes."

"And just *see* you in person."

"Me too. Me too. Me too," Dream was working his hand so fast it blurred, hips snapping up and falling back down in a brutal tempo, "wanna see how pretty you are in person."

"Not as pretty as I know you're going to be."

"I-I'm gonna—I'm going to, right now, oh *fuck*. George, please. I'm *cumming*."

And George came with him.

It was everything. Vision whiting out. Muscles spasming. Toes curling. His load getting *everywhere*. Time to do the wash.

"You're such a show-off," George said, a few seconds later. His mind was cloudy after his orgasm. Everything felt light. Like he was in space. No gravity. Just drifting.

"You love it." Dream sounded just as hazy.

George let himself melt into his bed. Something needling his mind. Something powerful enough to override even the most *heinous* post-nut fog—the clarity that this had actually happened. And George was suddenly very spooked. He looked down at his phone, white-knuckled in his hand, only to see blue bed sheets. He pressed a shaky finger up to turn off his own camera. Building up enough courage to speak.

"This isn't going to change anything, is it?"

He waited patiently for Dream to answer. Mind going a million miles a minute. He loved Dream as a friend. But he hoped this hadn't confused that. He didn't want anything to change because they were too horny to think properly.

"It doesn't have to."

George exhaled, relieved.

Dream asked, "did you want it to?"

"No," George said vehemently.

"Then it won't."

"Good." And he let himself relax again.

They were both silent for a few moments.

"Did you want to do this again?" Dream sounded strange. Like he was holding himself back from something. And it made George's skin itchy. But he ignored all that. Focusing on the question at hand.

"Like what? Getting off on call?" It sounded silly out loud.

Dream's shrug was audible. "Yeah."

He thought about it. That was probably the best orgasm of his life. Dream didn't have to try hard to convince him to make this a repeat performance. He just had one small concern. "As long as we can separate it from *us*, then yeah."

"You mean like, you don't want me to catch feelings?" Dream snorted, "if anything you'd be the one falling madly in love with me."

George smiled at the joke. "Bet?"

And Dream's sudden wheeze was *so* worth it, voice coming out all breathless as he said, "thousand dollars on the line. Whoever falls in love first has to pay up—" he cut off from laughing too hard.

"It's going to be like taking candy from a baby."

"Cause *you're* the baby."

"Just be ready to PayPal me."

"Don't get too cocky, George."

"I thought you wanted me to be *cocky*."

"You're so stupid. And a baby. You're a stupid baby."

Yeah, they'd be fine.

Caught up in your own small world

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the feedback!

They weren't fine.

In fact, they were worse.

Or maybe George was just being paranoid. But things felt different between them. And not because Dream was suddenly behaving like a lovesick fool. No, he was acting the same as before. Like nothing had happened. Like everything was apple pie normal. Just like George had asked. But it was *too* normal. Suspiciously, so. And he had bitten his nails down to the quick worrying about how *normal* everything was.

They still stayed in VCs for hours and hours. Still joke-flirted on stream. Still liked suggestive fan art on Twitter. Still pandered DNF on jackbox like it was going out of style. And it was *weird*. Because it *wasn't* weird.

Sapnap thought he was being an idiot, of course.

"Wait, I'm confused. You guys had platonic cybersex and now you're freaking out?" He asked, chewing loudly on chips right into the mic like this was a frequent conversation they had.

"Nothing's different," George complained, so exhausted he was high-strung.

"Isn't that a good thing?"

"I don't *know*."

"Dude, you jerked off together. You agreed nothing would change and it didn't." Sapnap crunched another chip, annoyingly loud and obnoxious as he talked with his mouth full.

"Is, uh, is he doing anything different? At the house, I mean," George faltered, it felt kind of wrong to ask about the way Dream acted offline. Like it was some invasion of privacy. Which was stupid because it wasn't like he was asking Sapnap for candid photos of Dream's face or something. But he still felt a little guilty.

Sapnap made a disgruntled noise. "No. He just stays in his room more. But he gets that way sometimes. Might not even be about you. I say things are normal."

"Normal," George echoed with a frown.

"Yeah, normal. Which is good. Right?" And when George stayed silent, Sapnap sighed. "You're both idiots."

So, things were *normal*. Great. Fine. George would just have to get used to the new normal. Which was *normal*. The new normal was the old normal. Everything was the same as before. The same normal as before. And now normal didn't even sound like a real word anymore.

He hated himself sometimes.

George was streaming on his alt. He had his face cam on, but his knees were pulled up and he was resting his chin in his palm, a small smile playing at the corners of his lips. Dream was ranting about something that didn't even matter. Something he'd seen on Twitter. And George was feeling all sleep-drunk, cozy, and just *nice*. Like the hundred thousand people watching them weren't even there. Like it was just him and Dream hanging out, talking shit, and laughing at each other.

"I'm *so* tired right now," George mumbled, eyes drooping, sinking further into his chair.

"You can't go to sleep," Dream teased. "That'd be fucked up."

George laughed drowsily, letting his head fall back on his chair, knowing he probably looked ridiculous right now. "Imagine if I fell asleep on stream. How would I end it? Or if I died. Oh my God. That'd be so weird. What would you do if I just fell over dead right now?"

Dream snorted. "Uh, cry?"

"Really?" George bit his lip to hide a smile.

"Well, I wouldn't clap, if that's what you're asking."

"No," George rolled his eyes, letting them fall shut, "like, you'd have to call someone or something. I don't know."

"This is getting a little too morbid for 2 AM, don't you think?" Dream asked.

"Fine," he sighed, prying his eyes open and blinking at the brightness of his lights, "wanna do something? It feels weird to just be sitting here with my face cam on without doing anything."

"Geoguessr?" Dream suggested.

"Yeah, sure," and he opened up a new browser and clicked onto the site, readying a game and sending Dream an invite, "only a couple of rounds, though. I'm ready to pass out."

"If you go to sleep, I'm unfriending you," Dream threatened.

George huffed at the joke, "what?"

"On Facebook."

"I don't even have a Facebook," George replied.

"Well, you'll make one. Friend me. And I'll unfriend you."

"You're so dumb," George shook his head, clicking start game and looking around at where they were dropped, "let's see, snow and ice, yellow middle lines and an Americanized stop sign, and —*oop*, Dream's already locked in. There's gotta be something he saw that we didn't, chat."

"When you see it, you'll facepalm." Dream chuckled.

"Oh, it's like a URL or something, right?"

Dream stayed silent.

George sat up straighter, focusing on the monitor and squinting his blurry eyes. He was so tired. His eyes weren't even working right. Everything was muddled. "Well, given what I've already seen, I'm guessing Canada. But really, it could be any snowy area in the US."

"Just go with your gut."

He guessed Canada. It was right.

"What'd you see that made it so obvious?"

"License plates—they were shaped like a polar bear. There's only one place in the world with polar bear plates, a Canadian territory, Nunavut."

George sighed, falling back down into his chair. Dream was so smart. "I'm dumb."

"No, I'm just competitive," Dream said with an audible smile. It sounded fond. And that made George pause.

"You're supposed to agree with me."

"What?" Dream asked, half paying attention as the new round started.

"You aren't supposed to give an excuse. You're supposed to agree. And call me dumb," George said, this suddenly seeming like the most important thing *ever*. Because this was the first time George had felt the change. The first time Dream had slipped up. The first time things were *not* normal.

"Whatever, George." Dream wasn't even paying attention. Or he was feigning not paying attention. "Why are we talking about this right now?"

"Because I'm exhausted and not thinking," he immediately said, clicking fifty-fifty on the screen and getting the right one, "but I'm still beating this game."

Dream was silent for a few seconds. Then, "no, I'm winning."

"Bet," George said, not thinking about the word. Not thinking about the last time he said it. Not thinking about what they were *doing* the last time he said it. But they hadn't talked about it. And they weren't going to talk about it now. So, both of them left it unspoken. Which felt like a scab forming over an open wound, just waiting to be picked off. Because George was unable to just let things happen without bothering and picking. And soon enough, it would be festering. And that's what this felt like.

"It's Italy," Dream said, snapping his focus back. "Click it or you're getting out."

George quickly clicked Italy.

"Sorry, zoned out," he said, fidgeting.

"It's cool."

And Dream was being way too nice to him.

The next round started and George looked around, instantly recognizing the Japanese street signs and clicking Japan without second-guessing himself. It was right. "Well, at least I got one right on my own."

"You're good at this," Dream encouraged.

Yeah, *too* fucking nice. George was wary.

They played a few more rounds. But George didn't even make it to the final five. Too spaced out. Too fatigued. Too leery. Dream quit whenever George got out, saying it wasn't fun to play by himself. And George had sleepily agreed, "I'm telling you, it's not a good idea that I'm streaming right now. I'm like drunk off sleep withdrawal. Topsy on only two hours of shuteye. Barely conscious. Who knows what I'm going to accidentally say..."

"Hey, check your phone," Dream interrupted his downward spiral.

"Why?" George asked, automatically picking up his phone. He saw the notification. *Dream sent you a snap!* And he was hit with the most intense and unexpected wave of *déjà vu ever*. But because he was more prepared this time, and he had an idea of what to expect, he was already delirious with anticipation. "Why didn't it ring through? I thought your texts bypassed *do not disturb*."

"It did, you were just too busy whining to notice."

"Shut up," George scoffed, unlocking his phone, opening snap chat, and clicking the red box. "I liked it better when you were being nice."

The picture wasn't of his dick.

But George wasn't disappointed.

An open pair of lips filled the entire screen, spit slick, raw from teeth scraping and biting, and so damn kissable it was alarming. And George felt half-naked under the gaze of the camera, pointed directly at him, one pair of eyes more weighted than the others. Dream was watching him now. Watching him scrutinize the picture. He screenshotted it without any remorse.

"What'd you think?"

George swallowed, unable to tear his eyes away. "I think I'm too tired for this. And that over one hundred thousand people are watching me right now. And this clip is going to be all over my FYP in the morning."

"Well, it will be now that you mentioned it." Dream didn't seem too upset by that either.

Chat was spammed with variations of *DNF* and *SHOW US* and George just shook his head at the lot of them. Harpies and vultures. Scampering for crumbs. He knew this would have them salivating at the chops. Because some of them were so much more observant than he'd had given them credit for. A couple of advantageous Twitter users had connected the dots. They knew the picture Dream had sent him on his stream those odd months ago was directly connected to the payback-slash-distraction George had sent Dream afterward. And when you played them back to back... Well, the flush on George's cheeks and his gasping voice next to Dream's resounding silence and abrupt stream end—it was a no-brainer that now a majority of his timeline and FYP was DNF-truthing.

"You want me to tell you what he sent me?" He asked with an innocent smile, lids heavy and cheeks flushed.

shOW US

yeahhh, show us his feet

PLS HDKSJJSNSNDJK

"It's just Patches," George said, inwardly giggling at the way they erupted in disbelief. "You guys get so worked up over nothing. It's kind of hilarious."

"Nah, he's lying," Dream said back. "It's not Patches."

"Want me to prove it? Want me to show it?" George remained unperturbed, pulling the phone up like he was about to flip it. "Want me to show this picture of your *cat*."

"You won't."

"Yeah, you're right," George said, putting the phone back down and glancing over at the chat. "Besides, if I showed them, then this wouldn't be super rare Patches-content. I heard that's worth something. Like a lot of primes."

Dream groaned. "You're the worst."

"Use your twitch prime if you haven't," George smirked at his camera, "if we hit my subgoal, I might reveal what's on my screen."

There was no way he was hitting his subgoal, tonight. Unless a bunch of rich people decided to drop ten thousand dollars, the picture would remain exclusive to his own phone—not that he would show it even if the subgoal was somehow miraculously hit. This whole thing was mainly to tease Dream. But messing with the chat was also a bonus.

Dream interrupted his thoughts by deliberately chuckling, "someone just asked in chat if you'd give Patches a kiss..."

"Well, she did look pretty adorable in this picture. I might be enticed to give her a stroke," George said, barely holding back his own laughter.

"You're so—" Dream cut himself off.

"Charming? Amazing? Handsome?"

"Stupid."

George pretended to be hurt. Pouting directly at the camera. "Guys, I think I'm ending the stream. Dream is being toxic."

"Shut *up*."

He glanced over at the time, sighing and threading his fingers through his hair to push it back off his forehead. "Nah, I'm serious. I think I should head to bed now. It's past 3 AM. Plus, I'm dead on my feet. As soon as I end, I'm falling into bed."

"Oh, yeah, let's go to bed."

George coughed to hide a laugh. "You're just begging for the Tik Tok compilations at this point."

"It's part of my morning routine," Dream deadpanned, "wake up, go on Tik Tok, watch the hundreds of DNF compilations that show up on my FYP."

"You know the algorithm only shows you what it thinks you'll be interested in," George said, eyeballing Dream's discord profile picture with scrutiny.

"And *clearly* I'm interested in DNF compilations"

"I hate you," George sighed, unable to hide his smile.

"End your stream."

"Well, you heard Dream," George said, looking over at his second monitor and wincing, "sorry I ignored a lot of the donos and bits. Uh, also that the notifications were turned off—yikes, I didn't even realize that. Man, I'm bad at streaming. But it's my alt, so I'm not too upset that it's not one hundred percent professional. Thanks for watching, guys. And for the primes."

"Bye!" Dream said.

"Bye," George repeated, waving and ending the broadcast, grumbling as soon as they were alone, "man, I had my notifs turned off that whole time."

"Why were they even off?" Dream asked.

"I dunno, but that sucks. I was too concentrated on your idiocy to realize," George said accusingly.

"You know what else sucks?"

"What?" George raised an eyebrow.

"My mouth."

"Really?" His stomach somersaulted.

"I bet that was the first thing you thought of when you saw my snap," Dream, for all intents and purposes, *bragged*. Which made George in turn snort.

"Actually, I just thought you were weird for continuing this meme of stream snipping me with indecent photos."

Dream huffed a laugh. "C'mon, tell me what you actually thought. Be honest."

George considered being annoying, but that spin-cycle in his stomach kept whirling, and he knew where this was heading. Even if he wasn't sure he'd be up for it. It was still intriguing that Dream was acting this way. Especially out of the blue like this. So he let himself be sincere. "That you had pretty lips."

"Really?" Dream sounded strange.

"Yes," George whispered. "And that they would be even prettier wrapped around something."

"*Fuck*," Dream breathed out, sounding disbursed.

"You *wish* you could blow me," George was so smug. "The thought of blowing me gets you off."

But Dream ignored his preening. "The thought of doing anything to you, blowing you, jerking you off, rimming you—*that* gets me off."

"Rimming?" George nearly squeaked.

Dream didn't dignify that with a response, continuing, "if all I got to do to you in person was *kiss* you, I would be hard, George. I don't think you really understand my interest here."

"You think I'm super hot," George guessed.

"Yeah," Dream agreed.

"Well, good, cause I think you're..." he dwindled, trying to come up with something, "I think your temperament is hot. Your lips! *Yeah*. They're really nice. And your dick. It looks good when you're touching it. Uh, that's pretty much all I got."

Dream let him ramble on, letting out at the end, "George. Stop. That was painful."

"Listen, it's hard to compliment someone when you have no idea what they look like!"

"Then stop trying and let's start touching ourselves," Dream said, unbothered. Like *George* was somehow being the unreasonable idiot here.

"I can't touch myself now! I've got to be in the mood. A very specific mood. And you making fun of me isn't exactly a mood setter. Plus, I'm tired. I'm about to pass out here. This isn't exactly the best time in general," George exploded, crossing his arms and sitting back. He thought to himself for a second and then accused, "why tonight? It's been a while since last time. Did you plan this out?"

Dream didn't immediately deny it.

So George scoffed. "You wanted me exhausted and pliant, you evil mastermind."

"No, George," Dream sighed. "I'm just horny."

"You haven't been horny the past few weeks we've been alone on call together?"

"I try to jack off before we talk," Dream explained nonchalantly.

"Well, that's not horrifying knowledge," George blurted.

Dream exhaled heavily. Clearly exasperated with him. "Okay, I think we're lacking communication here. I want to masturbate. I like doing that with you on call. You reciprocated last time and we agreed this was a mutual thing we'd keep doing. But now you're being weird and cagey. So what's up?"

"Fine," George relented. "I'm just... confused on why you've been acting so normal about all of this."

"Because you asked me to."

And George wondered if it was that simple.

"Well, it's driving me crazy," George said.

Dream said, "what do you want me to do? Suddenly act like rainbows shoot out of your ass?"

"No," George tried to rationalize, "I don't know. Like earlier, you were being too nice. Saying I was good at the game when you'd usually just meme me and say I sucked. And while I complained, it actually felt better. Because it was like a small acknowledgment."

"So you want me to stop teasing you?"

George was getting frustrated. Why was this so difficult to explain? "No! Just. I don't know. Just don't act like nothing happened. That makes it feel more weird."

"I'm not acting like nothing happened."

"But you *are*," George argued. "Tonight is the first time I've felt your interest or whatever since the whole picture debacle. Because of you being too nice. And then the mouth pic. I don't know. But it was better than you acting like—"

"Stone Cold Steve Austin?" Dream said.

"What?" George was confused.

"Sapnap would get it," Dream said intently, before proceeding with, "okay, I'll try and act less normal, I guess. I don't know how but I will. But George. Please, just tell me if you're feeling upset next time. You can't go a whole month with these feelings just building up. You know I respect and appreciate you a lot, dude. This arrangement can't be fun if one of us is feeling weird about it."

And that made George smile a little bit.

"Okay," he said softly.

"Good," Dream hummed, saying, "so you in the mood to jack off *now*?"

And George just groaned.

Dream was going to be the death of him.

Well, I might wanna see it then

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the lovely comments!

Dream wasn't the death of him—his own stupid mind was. After that awkward conversation about communication and whatever the fuck else Dream thought was important, they hadn't jerked off like Dream asked.

George had ended the call with an eye roll, jumping into his bed to sleep for a consecutive eleven hours and waking up with a sour taste in his mouth, but a well-rested mind nonetheless. He felt rejuvenated and really thought he'd put all this worrying behind him. But no, not even close.

"So, like I said before, you're both idiots," Sapnap said when they were on call later.

"Then tell us how not to be idiots."

"One word. *Talk*," Sapnap emphasized.

"Yeah, we did that, and it felt like pulling teeth," George sighed. "And then he just wanted to jerk off again. And I don't even know if I'm *into it* like he is. Like, I'm into jacking off. It was hot. Probably the hottest thing I've ever done. But I couldn't turn my brain off afterward. And that sort of ruined whatever I felt during..."

"You *do* like to overcomplicate shit."

"Yeah, and you're like a caveman."

Sapnap snorted. "Want my help or not?"

George didn't have a lot of other options. "Fine. Go. Help me."

"Tell everything you just told me to Dream. The over-thinking. The complication. The not being as into it as him. Dream's a great guy. An awesome friend. He'd never do anything to make you feel like shit. Actually, he'd probably beat himself up over it if you told him you were uncomfortable," Sapnap paused, considering his words carefully as he continued, "he loves you *so* much, George."

Love. Yeah, he knew Dream loved him. They were best friends. And George really meant it when he said, "yeah, me too."

"Yeah," but Sapnap didn't sound happy about that, "you love him. He loves you. You're both screwing around. And it's slowly wrecking your friendship. So, before everything implodes, I really want you to talk to him. Like, talk. Not just a breezy conversation before you succumb to horny urges."

"That was Dream," George said, affronted.

They didn't say anything for a few seconds.

"Wanna go live?" Sapnap said into the lull. "MCC practice?"

"No," George had taken what Sapnap said to heart, "I've got better things to do."

"Like what? Play Candy Crush?"

"Like *talk*," George stressed, and then hung up.

But Dream didn't pick up when he called.

So the talk was mercifully postponed.

Then they were in the same VC to record a video for Quackity's channel and nothing was said—so it went unspoken again.

And then, without realizing it, a week had gone by. Then two. Then three. And if George brought it up now, he'd seem like a crazy obsessed person. So, the scab metaphor was right. Everything was a scab. And nothing was healing. Because George was a scaredy-cat that kept picking but refused to band-aid this shit. But he couldn't hide forever, because then the wound would turn into a scar. And George, despite being a pussy about all of this, refused to let it ruin everything with Dream. For their friendship to turn into an ugly scar.

"Hey, we need to talk," he said as Dream was editing a thumbnail for his new Manhunt, laying on his bed and providing useless commentary. "Can we, uh, take a break?"

"Sure," Dream clicked his mouse a few times, likely exiting out of photoshop. "What's up?"

"Um," okay, so here was the problem. He had no fucking clue what to say. He knew what Sapnap told him to say. But there was no way in Hell any of that was leaving his mouth. Not in this lifetime. "So, I was talking with Sapnap..."

"I know what this is about."

"You do?" George almost peed himself.

"Sapnap said you told him about what we've been doing," Dream said, easygoing. "It's fine, George. I'm not mad. He said you needed an objective third party."

"Oh, good," George mumbled, wondering what else Sapnap had let slip. Hopefully nothing too embarrassing. If he did, George probably would've gotten a DEFCON three text, though. "Yeah, I told him. I needed a different perspective to um, be more rational than I was."

"Rational?"

Dream was smirking.

"Yeah, rational."

"Well, that's interesting." Dream spoke calmly, the mic picking up him leaning back in his chair, the squeaky metal, "I lose my mind around you, too."

"I noticed," George said, entertained.

"It's just, something about you, George," Dream said, thoughtful, "and I know you want me back."

Hunger for me."

Heat coiled low in George's stomach.

"I don't want to eat you," George scoffed.

"I want to eat you."

He covered his face with his hands. What was this? A harlequin romance? Why was this turning him on? It was dumb. And ridiculous. But also endearing. And kind of sexy in a goofy *Dream* way. He was fucked. "Oh, you hunger for me, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's not weird."

Dream said, irked, "you're stupid."

"Your face is stupid."

"Making cracks about my looks or my face is just low-hanging fruit that doesn't even make sense. You haven't seen me. They're baseless allegations."

George never really realized what a nice speaking voice Dream had. It had always just been that. A voice. Nothing to notice. But now, the way he swirled each word around in his mouth, the slight lisp, the pronunciation of *baseless allegations*. He was starting to feel a little frenzied. A little overheated. And his dick? It was twitching in interest inside his pants.

"Oh, I know your face is stupid," George said with conviction. Shoving his hand down into his briefs, he touched himself without any regret.

"Really?" Dream sounded curious like he was eager to know what George was readying to fire back with.

"Sapnap sends me illicit pictures of you every day."

"And why would he have those?"

"Who else would?" George pressed the heel of his palm on his cock to relieve some pressure, adding, "or is there someone else that's got a collection of illicit photos of you, Dream?"

And he knew he's pushing it too far. But he couldn't help it.

"No one besides you."

He coughed to cover the way his breath hitched. Barely containing a hiss as he allowed himself to actually wrap his hand around himself. "I hate you."

Dream said, "the way you sound right now? I'm betting you're doing the opposite of hating me."

"Shut up."

"I'll shut up if you get louder."

And George blushed.

"Sapnap told me we weren't supposed to succumb to horny urges." Stroking up and wriggling on his mattress.

"Fuck Sapnap."

"Maybe I should," George chuckled, breathless, teasing, "maybe I should call *him* and get off instead."

"No," Dream said with venom.

And all George could do was laugh. Tugging faster, hand down his pants, shuttering a little at the rush of it all. Dream's voice sounded so indignant. It sent something through him. And he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

It'd only been five minutes and he was ready.

"Do you have a hand around yourself?" Dream asked, all firm and hot.

"Of course," because *duh*.

"What's your other hand doing?"

"Holding the phone."

"Put me on speaker," Dream instructed.

"You're lucky my mum is out playing bridge," George grumbled, doing as he was told, sliding off his pants whilst he's at it, replaying what he just said as he got more relaxed and relocated his grip, cringing, "remind me not to mention my mum when I've got my hand around my dick."

"Imagine me laying next to you," Dream said, ignoring him completely.

Right. *Okay*.

He closed his eyes, letting his imagination run wild. Piecing together what he knew of Dream. Those eyes, his blonde hair, and those lips—oh, George was haunted by those lips. He had dreams of them. Thought of kissing them. Of spreading them open with his thumb. Of spilling all over them and coating them white. And now, he imagined a vague figure, laying beside him, smiling at him with those lips. Fuck.

"What am I doing?"

"Smiling at me," George said honestly.

"I am," Dream confirmed, pleased. "Now, what do you want me to do?"

"Kiss me."

And that seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Because, if George had learned anything about Dream throughout this entire mess, he went nuts over George simply wanting to kiss. Or hug. Or fucking hold hands.

"If I was there, I'd hold you in place, my hands on your hips, licking my tongue into your mouth," Dream said in a rush, continuing eagerly, "I'd kiss you so hard, so hard, pressing into you, and grinding down onto you, and just fucking—"

George let out an embarrassingly loud keen, going faster with his hand. "Oh, God, don't stop. Dream, *please*. Don't ever stop."

"I'd move my mouth lower, press kisses all over your chest and stomach, all the way down to your legs. I'd bite your thighs until they were shaking. Tease you with my teeth, scraping over your hip bones and," Dream paused to get a breath, steamrolling on, "and you would beg me to blow you. Beg me. *Now*."

"Please, please blow me, *Dream*, please," George said, getting with the program.

"I bet you'd taste so good," Dream said tenderly, "what do you look like right now? Think I could fit you in my mouth? Describe it to me."

Looking down at his dick to see it curled up onto his stomach, dripping onto his skin, the tip a glossy red color, George managed to say, "I'm so hard for you, Dream."

"For me," Dream sounded so satisfied by that. "My mouth is around you."

"Yes," George could almost feel it.

"And I'm sucking as hard as I can, right at your tip, leaking saliva out of the corners of my mouth, slowly going more and more until I can't go any further," Dream pressed, "and I'll pull up slowly, looking up at you through my lashes, before giving your head a long suck. Then, since you're not expecting it, I'd sink back down too fast. Starting to bob up and down, at a brutal pace. Watching you toss your head back and moan for me. Like you do. You're so hot, George, so hot when you moan for me."

And George did just that, tossing his head back and moaning.

"Do you have lube, George? I want it to feel like I'm salivating on you," Dream murmured.

"Yes," he said, reaching over to his bedside drawer and grabbing the small bottle, located beside his lamp for easy access, "how do you want me to do this?"

"Squeeze some on your fingertips," Dream urged, "make it warm by rubbing them together, and then hold yourself again."

He did as he was told, warming the lube between his fingers before closing his fist around his dick, whimpering at the new *wet* feeling.

"Imagine me playing with your balls."

And he did. George turned his head to the side, squeezing his eyes shut and gasping as he brought his other hand down to squeeze them gently. It was almost too much stimulation, the simultaneous compressing and jerking off. He pressed his face into his pillow, muffling some of his louder outcries, his arm cramping with how fast he was moving it.

"Feels *so* good," he said between ragged breaths.

"*You're* so good," Dream said back, voice warm.

George whined, bucking off his mattress.

He was so *close*.

"Move the hand on your balls lower."

"Lower?"

"Yes."

George sucked in a sharp breath. "How much lower are we talking here?"

Dream exhaled noisily. "Press your finger against your hole, George."

Oh.

"Okay," he said shakily.

"Use more lube," Dream advised.

It was torture to stop, his dick trembling against his abdomen, begging to be touched. But he ignored it for now. Squeezing more lube onto his fingers, he trailed his hand down, past his sack and taint, and there it was. His ass. He hesitantly pressed the pad of his thumb against it, curious, and jolted at the unfamiliar feeling.

"Do you like it?" Dream asked.

"Feels weird," George said honestly.

"That's normal," the smile evident in his voice, more soothing than before, "just work one finger inside, George. Just one. Don't want to stretch you out too much. And you can stop any time."

George bit his lip, fixing his jaw.

"I'm pushing my finger in."

"Relax as much as you can. I don't want you to hurt yourself. Especially when I'm not there to help. Please be careful."

George forced himself to relax, to droop into the mattress, exhaling slowly—then he resumed where he left off, jerking himself off, bringing his other hand back down to press against his hole again, not stopping until his pointer finger breached the tight ring of muscle. He got all the way to his knuckle before he had to stop, panting heavily, and squirming all over the mattress. It didn't feel *amazing*. Mostly, it felt weird. And intrusive.

"I don't think this is doing anything for me," George started to remove his finger, wincing at the suction, and the small pinch of pain.

"Before you stop and pull out, could you feel around inside," Dream asked, so gentle it felt like a caress, "you don't have to, but I *promise*, it will feel incredible, dude."

"You want me to find my prostate?" Because George wasn't *completely* clueless. He knew the basics of anal sex. Uni had been fun, with the blow jobs and hand jobs, receiving and giving respectively. But not once had he actually bent over for somebody—which he was almost grateful for now since he was sort of famous. Still, he understood the mechanics.

"Yeah," Dream affirmed, describing, "just feel around the walls, upwards a bit, and you'll feel this small bundle of nerves..."

"Okay," George exhaled slowly, pushing back in, so slow the drag almost felt good, still jerking himself off, the unintentional edging *really* starting to get to him now. "Okay, I'm feeling for it."

"Take your time, it's intense," Dream warned.

If blue balls were real, he had them. It was taking so long. His dick was *weeping* against him. So slick, tip so red it was scary, so fucking ready to just cum. And the pressure his finger was giving him, just it being there, inside him, moving around, was also contributing to a heady sensation. He was so close it hurt. He'd been close for ages. But staving off his climax had wound him up so tightly, he knew whatever happened would be intense. And the promise that his prostate would be intense as well only magnified that. He was hopping off suspense. Everything felt prickly and supersensitive.

And then George brushed his finger over *it*.

Just brushed. Barely a touch. Practically a tickle.

And he was done. Before he could try and contain himself, he was cumming. Hard. Blacking out, mind-altering, yelling and thrashing against his bed. He hadn't expected it to be *that* intense. His prostate was like a live wire, so raw it felt like a stab when he came like it was forced out of him, combined with his jerking off, everything just culminated into a big jolt of electric currency, flowing through him and convulsing him on his bed. He just laid there. Confused at how hard he came. Confused about why he'd never fingered himself before if it was *that* good. Just generally confused. He was still quaking, shaking like a leaf, cum all over his chest and sweat dripping down his neck. He wiped both of his lubed, cum covered hands on his blanket, breathing out wobbly.

"Holy shit," he said belatedly, reaching up to push the sweaty hair from his forehead, still shaking from the way his orgasm punched through him, "that was even better than last time."

Dream asked, "yeah?"

"Yeah," George doubled down, letting himself close his eyes and thaw out his entire body. "Why was I freaking out so bad again? We need to do this all the time."

"You're one of those guys that get all doopey after they bust a load, aren't you?" Dream asked, amused.

"No," he stubbornly said.

Dream huffed, "well, I had a good time, too."

"Really?" George tried to remember what Dream sounded like the last time he came. It was so hot. How did it compare to this time? But as he tried to compare, he came up blank. "Wait? Did you not make a single noise? I can't think of one moan you made during this entire call. You were so vocal last time."

"Well..." Dream petered out, sounding vaguely guilty.

And George frowned. Confused.

What the fuck was that supposed to mean?

Then it all clicked together.

"You didn't even touch yourself!" George accused.

"Okay, listen, Sapnap talked to me and he mentioned that you were feeling a little anxious about ____"

"That conversation was supposed to be private." George felt himself flush in mortification.

"He just hinted at some things," Dream tried to assure.

"Like what?"

"That I was focusing too much on my own dumb self. That you were kind of not into the whole Casanova bullshit I was pulling?" Dream sounded constipated. "And that honesty is always the best policy."

"Honesty is always the best policy," George repeated, not believing what he was hearing.

"Yes," Dream confirmed.

"Well, that's a nice little nursery rhyme," George unexpectedly blew up, "Sapnap had no right to tell you anything about that. I can't believe him. And I can't believe you either. You just let me lay here and get off, thinking you were getting off too, but you were just listening?"

"I just," Dream fumbled, trying to explain, "I just wanted to give you something. To have it not be about me."

"What are you even talking about?"

"It's always been about my pleasure. About me getting off. And that's careless. Because," Dream stopped.

"Because? Because what?"

"Honesty is the best policy," Dream said, "but I just can't be honest with you about this George."

"You're so annoying," George said, point-blank. "And stupid. And you need to explain. Or I'm hanging up and we aren't talking for a while. I'm so mad at you right now."

"I'm sorry you feel that way."

"Explain," George refused to give in.

"Explain why I can't be honest with you?" Dream chuckled humorously, "because I don't want to lose you as a friend."

"What?" George was sufficiently confused again.

"I just don't get you," was the reply.

"You don't get me?"

"No, I don't get you, George," Dream said, sighing. "You want to stay friends. Act like nothing changed. But then you get all upset when things don't change. So I try and respect your wishes, act like that night meant a damn to you and now we're almost two months out from me sending you a dick pic, and things are more muddled than ever. I never wanted this to happen. And it just feels like you're pushing me away."

"Pushing you away?"

"Yes," his voice cracked like he was on the verge of crying. "I'm trying, George. But I can't help the way I feel."

"I'm sorry," George swallowed, suddenly realizing how equally unaware Dream was about all this. They weren't against each other. It wasn't Dream versus George. They were both walking on the same eggshells. "I'm not trying to be an asshole."

"Yeah, I know. It's just... it feels like you're playing with my feelings."

"Your feelings?"

"Like," Dream paused, clearing his throat and speaking carefully, "this isn't a one-sided friendship, George. I'm in it, too. And the way you're acting, it's not very considerate."

George felt like shit. "Fuck, I'm sorry, Dream. You know you're my best friend. I'm just all in my own head right now. Just having to deal with stuff. It's not you. I promise. I'm just, God, I'm so confused most days. I don't know what I want. You initiating this between us kind of rocked my world. It really shifted some things and I'm still trying to get used to them. And then you did this today. It just tipped me over the edge. I'm sorry I'm such a prick."

"No, I know this whole thing was selfish," Dream said, voice small, "it was selfish of me to put all of this on you. And pretend like you could handle it any better than I could. And you don't even know."

"Know what?" George grappled on that last word.

"You don't even know how badly I want you."

"No, I kind of got the picture," George attempted to joke. Remembering earlier, Dream said he hunger-ed for him. A thrill shot through him at the thought.

Dream blew out his breath steadily.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"I've heard that somewhere," George kept trying to lighten the mood. "You can be honest with me, Dream. I won't get mad. I won't push you away. I promise."

"You can't promise that."

"Watch me," George scoffed. "You want me. Big deal. I want you, too."

"Not like this George. I mean, yes. It's pretty obvious that I want you. Pretty fucking obvious. But it's more than that."

"How?" He prodded.

"I think I'm in love with you."

And George's brain sort of short circuits.

"Oh," he nodded to himself, not really comprehending the words, "you think you're in love with me."

"I know you didn't want to hear that," and Dream sounded so tragic like everything was clouding over around him, "but it's the truth. And I know I owe you that. I can't just keep taking and taking from you without giving you the full truth. So, George, whatever you decide to do next, I'll accept your decision one hundred percent."

George let that simmer. Let it assimilate into his mind. Computed each word. And bubbled over with it. Because how was he supposed to decide something so fundamental, so important, when he didn't even know how he felt himself?

He spoke, voice unsteady, "can you like, give me a few days?"

And because Dream was an amazing friend, the best actually, he whispered in a warm tone, "of course, George."

Then George was only left with his thoughts.

And I just wanna know if you're in love yet

Chapter Notes

*We're running in the moonlight
We're dancing in the open waves
You're hangin' for a good time
Something that'll make you stay*

He was left with his thoughts for a grand total of twenty hours.

Then they had to record some Dream shorts, which went smoothly enough. The unresolved tension felt enormous between them, resulting in some awkward silences between Bad's hilariously out of character lines and Sapnap's Batman impression, but when it came down to it, they were professional.

The next day was MCC. George had been *so* excited. He'd spent hours on the practice server. But it passed by uneventfully. The highlight being the crazy contrast of Quackity's squawking and Captainsparklez monotone grumbles. Quackity not cursing was also entertaining. And they managed to *not* be in last place, cheering on Sapnap as his team came in second. His timeline was a mess afterward, the trending tab was a hellhole and his mentions were flooded. And with everything already going on, he didn't need the unnecessary drama or post-game play-by-play Sapnap seemed to be doing, so he decided to log off both Twitter *and* Discord.

And Dream didn't try to contact him after both exchanges. For which he was insanely grateful. Dream *was* his best friend. But they both needed room right now.

Thankfully, the next day was free. The only thing he had to do was finally email his merch supplier. He'd been putting it off for a month now. But he needed to notify them he wasn't renegotiating with them, instead, he was joining Dream's merch team. He didn't like disappointing people, so that was a job for tomorrow.

Leaving his room for once and sitting out in the living room with his Mum and sister. They watched TV and laughed loudly, some random rerun of The Inbetweeners, with George paying more attention to his hilarious, obnoxious family than the actual episode. His mum, especially. Her boisterous posh accent cut through every scene as she thought of jokes she just couldn't hold in for the commercials. George ended up in stitches by the end of the night, red-faced with tears in the corners of his eyes, so happy he spent time with them.

"Thanks," he pressed into her shoulder as they hugged, between good nights, "I really needed this."

"Of course, love," his mum squeezed him back.

He went to sleep with a small smile on his face.

Walking up, he stretched out on his bed and nuzzled into his pillow. Another normal day. His sister went off to Uni, his mom went to her office job, and George was left alone in his room.

He rolled around on his bed for what felt like ages. Not in the mood to get up and start his day. But

he had work. And he couldn't be irresponsible *forever*. Also, it would take his mind off the other thing he was trying to push away, trying to ignore. Getting up, he marched over to his desk and sat down. Merch. Right. He'd no longer like to sell merch through their company. It was cut and dry. Squeezing his hand into a fist, he hesitated to turn on his computer. Fuck. He hated disappointing people. And he'd procrastinated this far. Another day wouldn't be the end of the world. Maybe if he ignored it altogether, it would go away!

Maybe if he ignored *everything* it'd go away.

That made him wince.

He didn't want to ignore *that*. Well, he did. He wanted to pretend everything was normal again. Even if that blew up in his face last time. Still, it was better than the constant nagging and tugging at his subconscious. Because the need to resolve everything was strong. And no matter how hard he tried to avoid the inescapable catastrophe, there was only so long you could put off a confrontation. Especially when it was a confrontation with yourself.

Did he like Dream?

Of course, he did. Dream was his best friend.

But did he like him *more* than a friend?

And that's where things got complicated.

He considered calling Sappap, confiding in him, but the last time he had nothing remained confidential. Quackity could be serious, but he doubted he was awake at 6 AM. Tommy was too young to be asking for advice. Niki? He shook his head. She was lovely, but he didn't know if they were close enough for him to be asking about this. Same with Karl. With so few options, he raked a hand through his hair and DM'd Wilbur. Thirty minutes later, Wilbur messaged back that he was busy and to VC later in the week. George didn't *have* till the end of the week. He had to figure this shit out now. Because Dream was probably panicking. If George knew him at all, he would guess that Dream was putting on a show. Pretending to be fine. Not calling him and acting like everything was okay. And that made George feel guilty.

He heard keys jingle as the front door opened. Getting out of his chair, he walked slowly out to the kitchen where his sister was placing Nandos takeout on the counter. She looked up and smiled, handing him a bag of deliciously-smelling food.

"Don't say I never got you anything."

George smiled back. "Thanks."

"You okay, George?"

He considered that. "How did you know you were in love with Collin?"

Collin was her last boyfriend. Their relationship had been a whirlwind. And she'd loved him *so* much. But they didn't have an amicable break-up. It was still a sensitive subject. And clearly, she wasn't expecting the question by the way she reared back.

"Why?"

George absent-mindedly chewed on his nail. "Just wondering."

"His smile," she said a few seconds later. "We were in class. He was laughing at something stupid. Like horse-laughing. Such a dork. Then when he finished, he just smiled at me. This adorably sweet smile. And it fucking melted me. I fell head over heels for that bloody smile. Hook line and sinker, you know?"

Dream had a nice smile.

"Uh, also his banter," she added. "He's got good humor."

Dream was funny, too.

George sighed, leaning against the counter, worrying his bottom lip between his finger and thumb. "But how did you know you weren't just physically attracted to him? Or liked him as a friend? How'd you know it was love?"

She squinted at him. "Are you in love with someone?"

"I'm trying to figure that out."

"Well, do they make you happy?"

George rolled his eyes. "Yes, but most of my friends do."

"Okay," she nodded, "how about your past girlfriends? Were you in love with any of them? See if you can compare."

Huh. Was he in love with any of his past girlfriends? Mia came to mind immediately. He'd liked her a lot. Loved her. But *in* love?

"I, um, don't think so."

She looked thoughtful. "Alright, let me lay it out for you. Are they all you think about? Do they make you happy? Do you find the little annoying things they do endearing? Do you daydream about them? About cuddling or talking, not just sex. And basically, this one is the most important, are they your best friend?"

George felt his heart leap. He hesitantly asked, "what do you mean?"

"If you're in love with someone, they should *always* be your best friend. Someone comfortable, compatible, and compassionate. Someone you know will always have your back. Is there for you. And someone that knows all your faults and accepts them. Collin was my best mate before we dated and it made everything so much easier. And it isn't a stretch. People fall in love with their best friends all the time. It's an epidemic. I mean, you hear all those cheesy wedding speeches about how happy they are to spend the rest of their lives with their best friend. It's just how it is because it makes *sense*," she said astutely, "so, are they?"

"Yes," he instantly said.

"Do you love him?"

And she said *him* so breezily.

George didn't have time to be surprised.

"I love him."

"So, he's your best friend and you love him," she kept looking at him like she was waiting for him to have some great epiphany. "Do you think you're in love, though?"

He pulled up short.

Wow. It couldn't be that simple.

"Thanks."

Reaching over to pat her shoulder in thanks, escaping to his room with his now cold Nandos. She didn't reply, but he didn't need her to. He was due for some serious self-reflection. And it was time to drown his sorrow, and morbid confusion, in spicy chicken.

He finished his Nandos and steadied himself. He still wasn't sure what he wanted. But one thing was for sure, he needed to talk to Dream. George needed to put all his cards on the table. Dream deserved that much. And with them held so close to his chest, everything was going to combust from unresolved conversations and emotions. That couldn't happen. So, no matter the outcome, he needed to come clean. He couldn't fear the fallout before even taking that final leap.

So, he ended up texting Dream.

want to stream?

Dream answered in seconds.

:) *yeah*

"Geoguessr, again?" George suggested after they'd been live for a few moments. Notifications went out but the viewer count was still lower than usual. He tweeted a link and waited for more people to join. Alt streams were *always* fun. Even if only thirty thousand watched. But with what he had in mind, the more the merrier.

"Nah," Dream said. "Overplayed."

"Well, what else qualifies as *Memes with Dreams*?" George asked. His face cam wasn't on, so Dream missed his conjoined eyebrow raise.

"I'd say we played basketball, but that requires more players..."

"No more basketball," George shook his head. The *rage* he'd felt after that stream had been monstrous. No need for theatrics today. At least, not of that variety.

"We need to play something more upbeat," Dream said, snapping his fingers obnoxiously loud and proclaiming, "like Uno! Nothing gets us crazier than Uno."

And George laughed. That was so true.

The next thing he knew, they're playing Uno. And then he won a game. And then another. And it'd been thirty minutes and George was completely obliterating Dream. He was actually about to win this last round, putting down a +2 card and cheering lazily, a sappy grin on his face as he cackled wildly.

"Fuck you," Dream said, picking up two cards.

"You wish."

And he knew people would have a fucking field day with that one. But when he called Uno and then subsequently placed a +4, with Dream complaining loudly in the background, he couldn't find it in him to care.

Dream's hand already had fourteen cards and was growing.

George was down to one card.

"I hate playing Uno with you," was Dream's reply, placing down a green five and heaving out, "I don't know why I let you talk me into this."

"As I remember, you begged me to play," George recounted, having to pick up from the deck and putting down a yellow five.

"Yeah, cause Geoguessr would've put me right to sleep and we've got shit to film in a few hours," he said, playing a blue five.

George put down a red five diplomatically.

"Crazy fives, huh?" He said with a grin.

And then Dream laid a red zero on the pile and George wasn't smiling anymore. He scoffed as they swapped hands. He'd fallen *right* into that trap.

And Dream sounded delighted that he now had the upper hand. "Is this about to be the biggest comeback in Uno history? Am I about to kick your fucking ass?"

"I hate you."

Because he knew exactly what Dream had.

And the only thing he could play was another red card. A red eight, to be exact. And then Dream yelled *Uno* so loud that it spiked the audio and made George cringe back in his seat. The yell reverberated and echoed. Dream crowed victoriously as he emptied his hand and George just sunk back into his seat, hiding a smile behind his hand. Dream bragged openly as the score flashed on the screen, a hundred and fifty-five to sixty-four, "I'm so good at this game."

"If you count ten-to-one good, then yeah."

"Man, I am an Uno God."

"You're an idiot," George said.

Dream laughed into his mic. "*You're* an idiot."

"Spectacular come back."

"Shut *up*."

George smiled. He hadn't won. But it still felt like he had. And his heart was racing. Everything was so *good*. Wow. Was this being *in* love? He'd felt this way for the longest time. The way everything sort of *warmed*. But he'd always excused it as Dream being his best friend. He never would have guessed this was the dreadful feeling of being in love with someone. Being in love with Dream. Had he been in love with Dream for *years*? He felt wrong-footed at the prospect. But,

after mulling it over, it only solidified his plan. Because, as Dream had mentioned, the truth was important. And Dream, after everything, deserved the truth.

"Dream," he looked over at the viewer count and swallowed. Go big or go home. "I have to say something."

"Yeah?"

"You owe me a thousand dollars."

And Dream didn't respond. It was fucking *crickets*. But George stood his ground. He wouldn't be the first one to break.

"*What*." Dream eventually said. It wasn't a question. And it made the hair stand up on the back of his arms. Because Dream sounded upset.

"Our bet. You owe me money."

"Are you kidding me?"

George steadied himself. "No, I've got my PayPal open, right now. Ready for the big deposit."

Dream said nothing.

And it stayed that way for ten torturous seconds.

Eventually, breaking the awkwardness, Dream muttered, "George, what the—why are you..."

And he sounded *pissed*.

But George still got the notification when the payment went through. One thousand dollars into his account. George bit his lip. Hands shaky. Okay. Here it went. No take-backs.

"Since I got second place, you get five hundred."

"*What?*" And that *was* a question.

He transferred five hundred back. And after laying down his phone, so jittery everything was blurry, he said, "you lost the bet, but I did too, so I figured as the runner up I'd give you some kind of consolation prize."

Dream seemed speechless.

And running on that high, so much adrenaline it was terrifying, he turned back to his stream and announced, "Okay, guys. That's the end. Short stream today. But it's my alt, so I don't care! Bye, guys!"

Chat was inconsolable. He didn't even let himself read the flying text. The donos, as well. He just ended before he could chicken shit out. A few seconds later, his stream labs went blank and he was staring at his online chat. He glanced over at Discord and waited for the reaction.

And it didn't take long, because not a second after the stream delay caught up, showing he ended, Dream was yelling, "what the fuck was that!"

"My big romantic gesture," George explained with a wince.

"Your big romantic gesture was public humiliation?" Dream asked.

"Nobody knew," George rolled his eyes because he thought Dream was overreacting a little. But still, he deserved an explanation, "I don't know, Dream. I just thought since you sent me a dick pic on stream, I'd confess my undying love to you on stream, too. Of course, not in so many words, but you get the gist."

"Undying love?"

"Hyperbolic," George waved off.

"You mean exaggeration."

"Same thing."

"Is it?"

"I'm reconsidering this *love* thing," George warned.

"Wait," Dream said.

So, George waited. He picked at a loose thread on his joggers, glancing at the little clock on his monitor, and tried to give Dream time, like he'd been given.

A few moments later, Dream finally said, "you *want* me."

George inhaled and exhaled. "Yeah, I do."

"And you love me?"

George made an affirmative nose.

"Are you *in* love with me?"

That was the million-dollar question.

And George didn't waver. "Yes, I'm in love with you, Dream."

"Are you sure?"

George blinked. He hadn't expected the hesitancy. But it made sense. Dream was insecure by nature. He always took everything to heart. Wore it on his fucking sleeve. As hard as he tried to remain cool about giving George days to sort out his confused feelings, he'd probably spent every waking moment waiting for rejection. It only made sense that he needed more than what George had given him.

"I'm in love with you, Dream," George reiterated, firmly, "like, *so* in love. I'm sorry it took me so long to figure it out."

"No," Dream hastily said. "No. I get it. I'm not exactly someone you'd want to be in love with."

George cringed. Fuck. Time for damage control. He pressed his palm against his galloping heart, squeezing his eyes shut, and letting it all pour out, "Dream, that's not true. Like at *all*. You're fearless, funny, and smart—I've been thinking, trying to rationalize my feelings, and see if I was actually in love. And I know I am now. Because of how remarkable you are. You're always there for me. You always make me laugh. And your loyalty... I just, I couldn't have asked for a better

best friend, Dream. You're the reason my life is how it is. You gave me a future. Told me to pursue my passion and fuck my degree. And you pushed me to reach for it. And more than all that, you included me in your success. You gave me everything I've ever dreamed of. Of course, I'm in love with you. How could I not be?"

Dream didn't think twice to reply, so strung out on the confession it floundered out, "George. Holy shit. I wish I could kiss you so hard, right now. I wanna get my hands on you. I love you so much."

George smiled, a small upturn of his lips.

"I wanna kiss you, too."

Dream made a raw sound. "Oh, fuck."

"I love you," George pressed into his mic, wishing it was Dream's ear, wishing they were together so badly it ached. "I'm *so* in love with you."

"Can we," Dream erred, like everything was delicate, like they were in some bubble, a bubble of tenderness and serenity, ready to pop at the weakest thicket, "I'm kind of exhausted? From all this. Can we sleep call?"

"We have to record in a few hours," George reminded without any conviction.

"I'll text Callahan, reschedule it," Dream said.

"Okay, sleep call it is," George agreed, picking up his phone and going to turn off his PC, "I'll call you when we hang up."

"Uh, *I'll* call you," Dream disputed.

"Sure," cause George didn't care. As long as they called, he was fine. Hanging up, he walked over to his bed and laid down. It was a familiar action. Going over to his bed go lay down, Dream waiting in the wings, for phone sex or something else. It sent a dark rush of arousal through him. But he pointedly ignored it. They were keeping it PG. Sex was *not* what they needed right now. It complicated things. And if they were as fragile as Dream had acted like they were, he knew the strained promise of getting off wasn't in the current deck of cards. Besides, he just wanted to *hold* Dream. And since they couldn't do that, falling asleep on-call would do.

His phone rang. And he was bewildered.

Facetime?

He answered with unsteady hands.

"George?"

Dream's eyes were the first thing that registered. He couldn't see exactly how lovely the green was. But the way they looked still made his heart spring. Because they were Dream's. Dream's eyes. Right there. For George to see. And then when that hit him, he was suddenly aware of all of Dream's other features. His mouth was pulled up in a weak smile, like he was nervous or something, such a beautiful smile that George was already well acquainted with. He'd wanted to kiss that mouth since he'd first seen it. Wanted to lick into it, make Dream slack-jawed and pliant under him, eyes half-lidded. He dreamed of kissing those perfect lips. And running his fingertips over that deep cupid's bow. Maybe those faint freckles over his cute nose. *Such* a cute nose. It looked American if that made sense. A long bridge, narrow, and a slightly upturned tip. So cute.

And his cheeks. And his chin. And his eyebrows.

"Dream, you're so," George struggled for the exact word.

"Yeah?" And Dream looked *shy*.

"You're gorgeous."

Those cheeks turned red.

"You're one to talk," Dream scoffed.

George glared a little at the compliment. No. He couldn't let himself be mesmerized. He wasn't ready to not have the upper hand here. He said, "I love you."

Dream looked amazed. Like he thought George would've suddenly changed his mind. And it was amazing to see every one of his facial expressions. Every twinge. Every small detail. It was irresistible, honestly. Dream was irresponsible looking so perfect. If George had seen him before, there was no way he would've been able *not* to have fallen in love.

"I love you," Dream said, reverently.

"We love each other." And that felt *awesome*.

"I loved you first." Dream waggled his brows.

"I confessed my love for you on stream," George one-upped.

"Yeah, about that," Dream suddenly looked annoyed, and that was *attractive*, "seriously, live in front of one hundred thousand people. You just had to do that."

"You sent me a dick pic in front of that many people," George defended.

"What's more important, my dick or your love?"

George pretended to consider the question. "Well—"

"Shut up," Dream laughed, "I meant like, which seems more appropriate for a stream..."

George shot him a look at that word. *Appropriate*. Yeah, okay.

Dream let his head fall back, exasperated, and George felt butterflies explode in his stomach. "No, like, I would have explained that away as a prank or something. But what you pulled? That doesn't seem like something that needed an audience. And anyway, it didn't make sense."

"Make sense?" George frowned.

"The bet was over who fell in love *first*, not if we fell in love, period," Dream said.

"Are you nitpicking my awesome love confession?" George griped, scowling. "I thought I'd have at least a day of your lovey-dovey attitude. But no, it's been five minutes and you're already bullying me, you idiot."

"You love me bullying you."

"Actually, that's the *one* thing I don't love about you."

"Liar," Dream said, convinced, "you love all of me."

George snuggled deeper into his pillow. Yeah. This was wonderful. "Fine. You're right. I do, you idiot. But you are literally obsessed with me, so you have no room to talk."

Dream shook his head. "I'm *not* obsessed."

"Yeah, you are," George shrugged. "I was talking to my sister about you and—"

"You talked to your sister about me?" Dream preened.

"Shush, like you didn't tell your mom *everything*," George shot back. Because Dream was a certified Mama's boy. And it was endearingly pure.

"She's my Q," Dream alleged.

"And who am I? Moneypenny?"

"Nah, that's Sapnap. You're Pussy Galore."

"Fuck you," George couldn't stop the giggles, "I'm at least M. Have you seen Judi Dench these days? Sexy as fuck. I am M. And I have her legs."

"Fine, you're M," Dream looked tickled, face red from laughing, and eyelids flickering in settling fatigue. He looked like a mixture of fucked-out and passing out. Adorable. George still wasn't used to his face. But he could feel the *newness* wearing off and this just becoming ordinary. Dream smiling at him. All soft. And giggling. And precious.

"And I'm as hot as Judi Dench."

"Even more," Dream whispered, on the verge of sleep.

"What about Daniel Craig?"

Dream bit his lip, contemplating. "I don't know if I'd go *that* far..."

"Fuck you," George grinned.

"You wish," he threw George's own words from earlier back at him. "You were talking about me to your sister?"

"Not like, specifically," George tried to recoup his forgotten train of thought. "But this morning, I was talking to her about her last relationship, and I was thinking about what you said to me."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, and I finally realized you love me."

Dream looked unamused. "You finally realized? I told you."

"No, I know. Or I don't know," George tugged on that loose thread again on his joggers, "I heard the words. But they didn't add up. How could you love me? Be in love with me. What even did that mean? You might've just *thought* you loved me. Maybe you were confused. And in turn, that made me confused. But after talking with her, about love and her past relationships, I realized that I was being ridiculous. It was simple. You loved me. And, after only a little consideration, I knew I loved you. Was in love with you. She really cleared a lot of things up."

"I think I owe your sister a drink," Dream said a few moments later.

"A Mulligan," George joked.

Dream snuggled into his cushion. A drowsy voice, mumbling, "no, everything is perfect now. *Everything*. I love you. I should've explained that better. Told you exactly *why*. "

"No, I'm so thankful you gave me space," George immediately insisted. "I love you, too. And I love that you respect me enough to let me make my own decisions."

"And I love your stupid face," Dream said earnestly, "and your pretty eyes, and your lips, and your *hair*—you're so beautiful. I'm sorry I didn't tell you before. But you're the most beautiful man I've ever seen, George. You said I was good-looking. I don't even compare to you. And I'm making up for lost time here, so listen. I love your wit. Your sense of humor. It's dry and clever and amazing. And the way you play Minecraft. The way you hit your bow shots. And how clever you are when you're hunting me. The way you're my best friend. You and Sapnap are my best friends. But you, George, you're *everything*. You make me so comfortable, put me at ease, make me happy, you don't even *know*. I am in love with you, completely."

George stared into Dream's eyes, a little breathless. "Dream..."

"I love you," Dream echoed.

"I love *you*."

They shared secret smiles, George's eyes damp, and Dream in a half-asleep stupor, just *grinning*. Everything felt natural. Like this was how it was always meant to be. And George watched as Dream's eyes gradually closed, phone falling from his hand and landing on the bed, cutting off their call. He giggled a little. Of course, Dream fell asleep already. George was too keyed up to go to sleep, though. Everything running on repeat in his mind. He wiped at the corners of his eyes, getting rid of the unfallen happy tears, everything so sunny and outstanding, it felt prickly and nice.

He was daydreaming about everything that'd happened, contemplating DM-ing Sapnap for some post love confession TLC, and to shriek like a first-year girl to her mates after finally talking to the guy she fancied.

But he heard his phone ping.

Dream sent you a snap!

Confused, he opened the picture. It was Dream's face. Smiling lazily, with Patches laying haphazardly on his head, a full caption below.

she didn't like that I fell asleep :/ woke me up

He bit his lip, typing back.

you need some rest, go back to sleep

say you love me first, Dream replied seconds later.

This time, the picture was of a pout. But his eyes were sparkling mischievously. And it sent a thrill to the tips of George's fingers, methodically typing out his own reply.

love you. now go to sleep

K, Dream replied without bothering to send a pic, adding on a second later, *I love you more.*

yeah, yeah, now go to bed

He waited for Dream's bitmoji to disappear so he could exit off Snapchat. A smile fastened to his face. He looked over at the clock. Not too late. Sappnap had a pretty similar sleep schedule to Dream, though. So, he might have to wait until the morning to shriek. To shriek about Dream. About seeing Dream. And being with him. It was all so surreal.

An idea formed in his restless mind. A brilliant idea, really. And, without delay, he was putting that Paypal money to good use. He snickered a little as the transaction went through.

He wondered how many exclamation-pointed texts he was going to get when Dream woke up to a round trip plane ticket confirmation from Florida to London. He smirked, ready for the hilarity, *so* ready. Falling asleep with his phone clutched in his hand, content and amused, ready for everything to change. Because he wanted the change. Especially when the future looked so beautiful.

When *Dream* looked so beautiful.

He was in love.

He was in *love*.

With Dream.

He smiled.

Yeah, he could get used to this.

End Notes

Wow. Wow. Wow.

I can't believe I'm done. I'm kind of emotional, guys. This wasn't supposed to be more than just a funny little one-shot. And now, a month later, it's 17K words. Thank you so much for the encouragement and love. I adore you guys. And I hope you enjoyed the ending! Leave a kudos or a comment if you did~

Noah ♥

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